





### By RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN



was bells. They had hung there ever sisce the church had been built, and were the most beautiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because a great musician had cast them and arranged them in their place; others said it was because of the great height, which reached up where the air was cleared and purest; however that might be, no one who had ever heard the chimes denied that they were the sweetest in the world. Some described them as nding like angels far up in the sky; others, as sounding like strange winds

singing through the trees. But the fact was that no one had heard them for years and years. They were Christmas chimes, you see, and were not meant to be played by men or common days. It was the custom on Christmas Eve for all the people to bring to the church their offerings to the Christ-child; and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the altar, there used to come sounding through the music of the choir the Christmas chimes far up in the tower. But for many long years they had never been heard. It was said that people had en growing less careful of their gifts for the Christ-child, and that no offer-

ing was brought, great enough to deserve the music of the chimes. Every Christmas Eve the rich people still crowded to the altar, each one trying to bring some better gift than any other, without giving anything that he wanted for himself, and the church was crowded with those who thought that perhaps the wonderful bells might be heard again. But although the service was splendid, and the offerings plenty, only the roar of the wind

wid be heard, far up in the stone tower. Now, a number of miles from the city, in a little country vilinge, where sthing could be seen of the great church but glimpres of the tower when we weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro, and his little brother. They knew very little about the Christmas chimes, but they had heard of the nervice n the church on Christmas Eve, and had a secret plan, which they d often talked over when by themselves, to go to see the beautiful cele-"Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine thing

"Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine thing; here are to see and hear; and I have even heard it said that the Christ-child sessetimes comes down to bless the service. What if we could see Him?"

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold, with a few lonely snowfinkes that in the air, and a hard white crust on the ground. Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to alip quietly away early in the afternoon; and sthough the walking was hard in the frosty air, before nightfall they had radged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just along of them. Indeed, they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it, when they saw something dark on the snow hear their path, and stopped to look at it.

their path, and stopped to look at it. It was a poor woman, who had fallen just outside the city, too sick and tired to get in where she might have found shelter. The soft snow made of a drift a sort of pillow fer her, and she would soon be so sound sulecy. in the wintry air, that no one could ever waken her again. All this Pedro saw in a moment, and he knelt down beside her and tried to rouse her, even tugging at her arm a little, as though he would have tried to carry her away. He turned her face toward him, so that he could rub some snow on it, and when he had looked at her silently a

moment he stood up and said: "It's no use, Little Brother. You will have to go on alone."
"Alone?" cried Little Brother. "And you

not see the Christmas festival?" "No," said Pedro, and he could not keep ack a bit of a choking sound in his throat. See this poor woman. Her face looks like the Madonna in the chapel window, and she will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. Every one has gone to church now, but when you come back you can bring some one to help her. I will rub her to keep her from freezing, and perhaps get her to eat the bun that is left in my pocket."

"But I cannot bear to leave you, and go on alone," said Little Brother.

"Both of us need not miss he service," paid Pedro, "and it had better be I than you: and oh! if you get a chance, Little Brother, to slip up to the altar without getting in any one's way, take this little piece of silver of mine, and lay it down for my offering, when no one is looking. Do not forget where you have left me, and forgive me for not going with you."

with you."

In this way be hurried Little Brother off to the city, and winked hard to keep back the tears, as he heard the crunching footsteps sounding farther and farther away in the twilight. It was pretty hard to lose the colong, and spend the time instead in that ionely place in the snow, agreat church was a wonderful place that night. Every one said that it never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played and thousands of people sang the walls shook with the sound, and little Fedro, any outside the city wall, felt the earth tremble around him. It the close of the service came the procession with the offerings to be

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laid on the altar. Rich men and great men marched proudly up to lay down their gifts to the Christ-child. Some brought wonderful jewels, some baskets of gold so heavy that they could scarcely carry them down the aisle. A great writer brought his book, and last of all walked the king of the country, hoping with all the rest to win for himself the chime of the Christmas bells. There went a great murmur through the church, as the people saw the king take from his head the royal crown, all set with precious stones, and lay it gleaming on the altar, as his offering to the holy Child. "Surely," every one said, "we shall hear the belis

now, for nothing like this has ever happened before."

But still only the cold wind was heard in the tower, and the people shook their heads; and some of them said, as they had before, that they never really believed the story of the chimes, and doubted if they ever rang at all.

The procession was over, and the choir began the closing hymn. Suddenly the organist stopped playing as though he had been shot, and every one looked at the old minister, who was standing by the altar, holding up his hand for silence. Not a sound could be heard from anyone in the church, but as the people strained their ears to listen, there came sottly. but distinctly, swinging through the air, the sound of the chimes in the tower. So far away, and yet so clear the music seemed—so much sweeter were the notes than anything that had been heard before, rising and falling away up there in the sky, that the people in the church sat for a moment as still as though something held each of them by the shoulders. Then they all stood up together and stared straight at the altar, to

see what great gift had awakened the long silent bell But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of L'ttle Brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking, and had laid Pedro's little piece of silver "Bring them hither."

It was done, and after one glance at them the Sultan kicked his best hookah out of the window, ordered his favorite dancing girl bowstrung, and threw the papers at the head of the grand vizier.

"Is it not enough," he roared, "to have the foreigners coming here and collecting money through thy carelessness, without having my majestic self and my enlightened realm mixed up in the annual Thanksgiving jokes

C. O. D. The dyspeptic guest gazed longingly at the crisp, brown turkey, the mashed potatoes, celery, cranberries,

etc., and sighed, with a mournful in-"I'll have to pay for this tomorrow,

The host took a thoughtful expression and remarked: "I wish I'd known that. They made

me pay for it yesterday."

Growing Reminiscent Now. Teacher dear, in defining the word "reminiscent" told the class:

"'Reminiscent' means something that calls up memories of things and incidents that have gone beforeomething that brings a previous fact before us."

Yesterday she asked the class to de-HERE'LL be a lot of jingling fine "reminiscent," when the little wise boy answered: "Turkey."

> The Thanksgiving Turk. At midnight, in his guarded coop,

The turk sat, dreaming of the hour, When loud the dinner bell should ring With all its most insistent power. The boarders also dreamed of him. And how, for something like two

weeks. They'd be reminded of the turk In hash, which sometimes almost speaks.

Two Losers. "I lose money on every meal," complained the Landlady.

"So do I." asserted the Captious Boarder. Whereupon they glared at each oth-

er for some moments.

Meeting of the Waters.

From Oct. 31 to Nov. 4. 1840. in France the Saone poured its waters into the Rhone, broke its banks, covered 60,000 acres and immersed a number of cities and villages. Six bundred and eighteen houses were carried away and many lives sacrificed. It was the first time in 238 years that the Saone had risen so high.

#### Something Good.

"Dear," said a young wife to her bushand as he was leaving for the of fice. "won't you bring home some thing good for dinner this evening?"

"Something good?" repeated the bewildered young busband, to whom marketing was a closed book.

"Yes." repeated the wife, "something

really good, you know." "Oh. yes?" he replied as a flight seemed to break upon him.

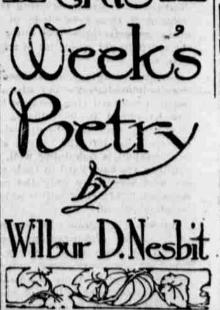
And he brought home the minister --Ladies' Home Journal.

The First Music.

The father of song, music and daneing, all three, was the savage who arst clapped hands and shouted in time at some rade festival of his tribe. From that clapping and shooting has been evolved the whole art of instrumental music, including even the entrancing complexities of the modern symphony. From that shout or rudimentary emotional utterance has prorested by a kindred evolution the whole art of vocal music down to the modern opera or oratorio. From the savage leap has come every variety of dancing, from the country breakform to the beautiful waltzes of the fry ballroom. - New York American.

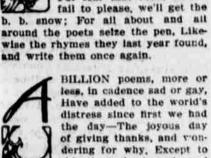
#### THREE GREAT VIRTUES.

There are three great vitues to which every one should be dedicaled—the virtue of civilization, which is politeness; the virtue of morali y. wh ch is conscientiousness, and the virtue of religion, which is



HE poems on Thanksgiving day will haunt us for a week; Some of them lilt in roundelay and some in dirges speak; Some of them tell in dialect of times down on the farm, And some in meter circumspect to magazines lend charm. The man who writes in ragtime strain will tell about the moon, Which views with arrogant disdain the hunting of

Children Ory CASTORIA



BILLION poems, more or less, in cadence sad or gay, Have added to the world's distress since first we had the day-The joyous day of giving thanks, and vondering for why, Except to thin the turkey's ranks and gormandize on ple. In every town from Higgins-

verse concerning mother's

ples, And then some rhyme

a little worse about the

'sombre skies"; We'll get

the "sighing of the breeze."

the "dying leaves," and, oh,

For fear that these should

ville to Boston-on-the-Bay, Old Pegasus they nearly kill about Thanksgiving

> UT, what's the odds? They've got to be, along with all the rest, We have to have the poetry, to know how much we're blest. The poems may not be so grand, but all our woes will cease, When we're filled with turkey and our

souls are full of peace. When we assimilate the pies, and other thingswell, say we'll bless the rhyming thoughts that rise about Thanksgiving

Too Much. "Slave," said Abdul Hamid to his grand vizier, "have the American comic papers arrived?"

"They have. O incandescent light of the world, brother of the moon and first cousin to the comets," answered that official

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point at \$59.00 per acre.

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